

# The Sun All Golden and Round



**JANE SAHI**

Illustrations by Harriet Mayo



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Jane Sahi

*Illustrated by*  
Harriet Mayo



Gul Mohar



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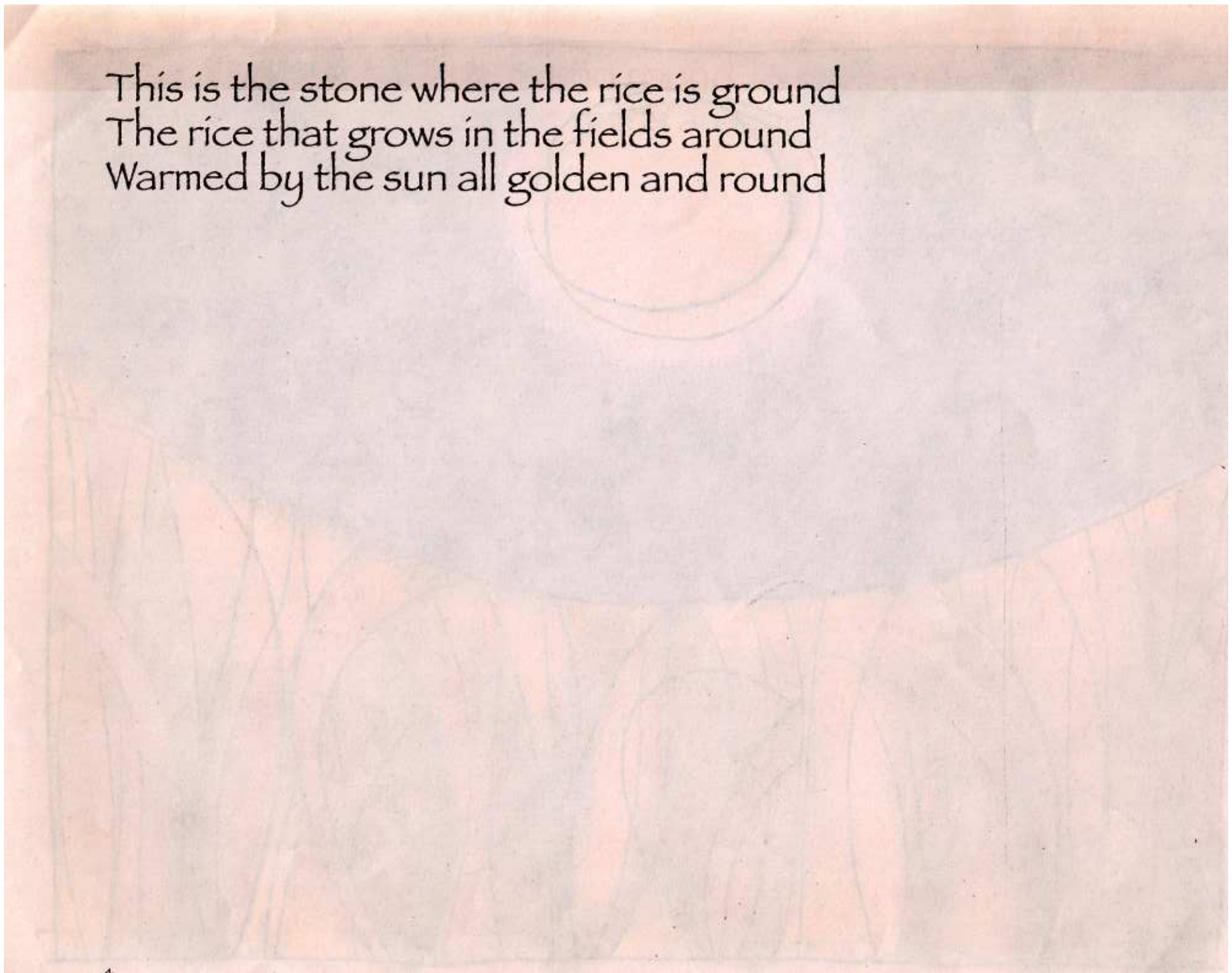
This is the sun all golden and round  
That warms the rice in the fields around







This is the stone where the rice is ground  
The rice that grows in the fields around  
Warmed by the sun all golden and round









This is the stick that is used to pound  
On the old grey stone where the rice is ground  
The rice that grows in the fields around  
Warmed by the sun all golden and round







This is the grandmother old but strong  
Who works and works all day long  
With the long thin stick that is used to pound  
On the old grey stone where the rice is ground  
The rice that grows in the fields around  
Warmed by the sun all golden and round







This is the fist that the grandmother shook  
As she gave the clouds an angry look  
The clever grandmother old but strong  
Who works and works all day long  
With the long thin stick that is used to pound  
On the old grey stone where the rice is ground  
The rice that grows in the fields around  
Warmed by the sun all golden and round







This is the cloud so stubborn and grey  
That would not rain and would not go away  
The cloud that was given an angry look  
When the grandmother's fist shivered and shook  
The clever grandmother old but strong  
Who works and works all day long  
With the long thin stick that is used to pound  
On the old grey stone where the rice is ground  
The rice that grows in the fields around  
Warmed by the sun all golden and round







This is the thud of the stick on the cloud  
The thud! thud! thud! so firm and loud  
On the cloud that hung so stubborn and grey  
That would not rain and would not go away  
The cloud that was given an angry look  
When the grandmother's fist shivered and shook  
The clever grandmother old but strong  
Who works and works all day long  
With the long thin stick that is used to pound  
On the old grey stone where the rice is ground  
The rice that grows in the fields around  
Warmed by the sun all golden and round







This is the rain that fell from the sky  
When the cloud was hit by the stick raised high  
The thud of the stick as it struck the cloud  
The thud! thud !thud! so firm and loud  
On the cloud that hung so stubborn and grey  
That would not rain and would not go away  
The cloud that was given an angry look  
When the grandmother's fist shivered and shook  
The clever grandmother old but strong  
Who works and works all day long  
With the long thin stick that is used to pound  
On the old grey stone where the rice is ground  
The rice that grows in the fields around  
Warmed by the sun all golden and round







This is the grandmother laughing inside  
Watching the rain that is pouring outside  
The rain that fell from the darkened sky  
When the cloud was hit by the stick raised high  
The thud of the stick as it struck the cloud  
The thud! thud! thud! so firm and loud  
On the cloud that hung so stubborn and grey  
That would not rain and would not go away  
The cloud that was given an angry look  
When the grandmother's fist shivered and shook  
The clever grandmother old but strong  
Who works and works all day long  
With the long thin stick that is used to pound  
On the old grey stone where the rice is ground  
The rice that grows in the fields around  
Warmed by the sun all golden and round







This is the rice grown green again  
Watered by the showers of rain  
The rain that was watched pouring outside  
By the grandmother laughing dry inside  
The rain that fell from the darkened sky  
When the cloud was struck by the stick raised high  
The thud of the hit of the stick on the cloud  
The thud! thud! thud! so firm and loud  
On the cloud that hung so stubborn and grey  
That would not rain and would not go away  
The cloud that was given an angry look  
When the grandmother's fist shivered and shook  
The clever grandmother old but strong  
Who works and works all day long  
With the long thin stick that is used to pound  
On the old grey stone where the rice is ground  
The rice that grows in the fields around  
Warmed by the sun all golden and round









*The sun is all golden and round, warming the rice in the fields around.  
The grandmother is old but strong, working all day long, pounding the rice with  
a long thin stick on a old grey stone. Then comes the cloud stubborn and grey...*

Read the story to find out what happened.

Jane Sahi works in a non-formal school in a village near Bangalore. The story that she tells in rhyme is based on a Kannada folktale. The rhythmic nature of the language used is truly apt for this story about the cycles of nature.

Harriet Mayo teaches children with special needs, in England. Her illustrations are dense in texture, with colours that are at times quiet and glowing, and at others bright and brilliant.



Cover design: Deepa Kamath

**Age Group 3 to 6 years**

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